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OUR LATE EDITOR.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES D. STEWART, OUR LATE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, DIED DEC. 5TH, 1895, AGED 26 YEARS.

Our brother's gone! And shall it then be said
That life was cancelled ere it had begun?
That mysteries of truth so dearly won
Had better far for him remained unread?
That height's attained where others fain would tread,
And years of sowing time so nearly done
Were prophets false of glorious noonday sun
Which failing to appear, all else is dead?
Nay, nay, not so! Priceless for us and him
The life he lived! Though gone he speaketh still
His pure, unselfish, joyous, steadfast will
Remains a radiance time can never dim;
And high attainments, words and deeds of love
Have won him fitting rank with God above.

—J. W. M.

James D. Stewart entered the University from Renfrew High School in the fall of '89. Possessed of a genial disposition and a never-failing fund of humour, he was a general favourite from the first. Ever ready for sport and frolic, he was also a diligent student, showing by his achievements that a jovial college life is not incompatible with true success. He was an active member of nearly every College Society, but his warmest sympathies were with the religious life of the University. In his first year he and some of his classmates conducted a weekly service at the House of Industry. He was a zealous worker in the Y.M.C.A., and his efforts did much to bring our singing to its present standard. As treasurer of the Missionary Association he was so successful that he was re-appointed, and at the end of his second term was unanimously chosen President, a position which he occupied until his death.

For the last three sessions he has been a valued member of the JOURNAL staff, and no contributions were more acceptable than those from his pen. Last spring he was appointed Editor-in-Chief for the present session; and the three numbers of the JOURNAL, issued under his control, speak for themselves. A few weeks ago he was chosen to represent Divinity Hall in an inter-collegiate debate with Knox College, and was looking forward to that visit when his last illness attacked him.

His influence upon our college life it is difficult to estimate. A man of sympathy, as well as merit, his presence was always hailed with delight, and his voice often led in college jest and song. The last meeting he attended in the University was the weekly practice of the Glee Club, in which he was deeply interested. But while he willingly gave a large share of time and energy to College Societies, he did not neglect his studies, but from the first was a faithful worker and took creditable rank in all his classes. Having a natural bent for philosophy, he made that his special study during his Arts course, and graduated with first-class honors, taking the University medal in that department in 1894.

His death was sudden and unexpected. As he had always enjoyed good health, his last illness was not considered serious, and it was only a few hours before the end that danger was apprehended. At six in the evening a change was noticed, and his attending physician was hastily summoned. The latter at once called in another doctor for consultation, but peritonitis and heart failure defied all human skill, and at ten o'clock he passed away. The sad intelligence came as a terrible shock to the whole college community, and still greater must have been the blow to his aged parents and other near friends, who were not even aware of his serious illness. Next morning the remains were sent home. The students from every faculty assembled at the University and marched in academic costume to his rooms. The lady-students also attended in a body and placed a coronet of flowers on the coffin, bearing the inscription, "From the girls of Queen's." A huge pillow of carnations, from the Alma Mater Society, rested at the head, a wreath from the Missionary Association was placed at the centre, and an anchor, "From the Renfrew Boys," lay at the foot. After service, conducted by Rev. John Mackie, the procession marched to the railway station, where, gathering around the casket, the Principal, professors and students united in singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." A large number of the students accompanied the remains to Sharbot Lake, where they were met by relatives of the deceased. Several

of his nearest student-friends went on with the relatives to Douglas, where the funeral took place on Sunday morning. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, assisted by Rev. Mr. Craw, resident pastor, conducted an impressive service at Zion Church. A memorial service was also held Sunday evening in Renfrew, where the deceased had many friends.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On Sunday afternoon a most impressive memorial service was held in Convocation Hall. A very large congregation of professors and students joined together in mourning the loss of their beloved fellow-student. A choir of students, assisted by a quartette from St. Andrew's Church, rendered appropriate music. The Principal's address was as follows:—

When a notice was put on the blackboard last Friday evening that James D. Stewart had died the night before, an electric thrill ran through the whole University, indicating how truly we are one body instinct with life, and not a mere aggregation of units, living in different parts of the city and meeting for instruction in different buildings. In this case, various causes contributed to evoke the spontaneous feeling. The fact that he had been here for four sessions; that his death occurred with startling suddenness; that he was President of the Missionary Association, and editor of the JOURNAL; that he had been appointed only a few days before by the divinity students to represent them in an inter-collegiate debate; that he was a University medalist, a remarkably strong thinker and speaker, a genial brotherly spirit with a fund of humour,—which, perhaps, more than any other endowment, indicates richness of nature,—all swelled the common tide of feeling. It was not, however, any one of his brilliant qualities, or all of them together, which impressed us so much. It was the character of the man, that indefinable essence we call personality, which is behind all manifestations and which determines the permanence of the impress that men make on their fellows, which so stirred us when it became known that no more on earth should we hear again his abrupt, cheery, deep voice, or his quick, whole-hearted laughter.

The sudden passing away of a man of such rare promise gives at first a shock to his friends. It looks as if chance, instead of a Divine purpose, presided over the world. His life, we say, is a mere broken column. Even were it so, better, surely, to be part of a column than a mere unshapen block. But what right have we to say that it was broken at all and not complete. The Master needs, for His great building of regenerated humanity, stones of all kinds and columns of various heights, the worth of

which no artist would estimate by the measuring line. Unreflecting people are apt to think that his studies were wasted because he had not actually entered on the work of the high calling to which he had given himself. That is to fancy that the work is greater than the worker. It is to fancy, too, that a man is not working when he is studying, when he is disciplining his powers, fighting against the insidious enemies which beset all students, and influencing others more powerfully than they are likely to be influenced at any after period of their lives.

Even if we put a future world altogether out of view, it was infinitely better for James Stewart himself, and for hundreds of his fellow-students, that he should have had the mental and spiritual training he received during seven college years, than that he should have contented himself at the outset with a lower plane of life. Better for himself. Every year he increased in mental stature. His outlook widened. His cup of life was fuller and richer. Every session was like a new birth to him. This year I noticed a distinct growth. The new in him, thoughts and ideas with which he had been wrestling for years, until he had grasped them so strongly that he thought they could be pictured with all the clear cut outlines of stones, these, he was beginning to see, were living things, and therefore he loved them more, and new dignity and power of character was the result.

Better for others, too. A university is an organism, and he was simply one of its members. He is not dead, then, even so far as his life on earth is concerned. He lives in all with whom he had communion of soul or who were influenced in any way by him. His death itself may do more for some of us than his life. So was it with Samson of old. So has it been again and again with men greater than Samson. The deepest law of the universe is that the race advances only through sacrifice. Men are so dull and unspiritual, so idle and listless and thoughtless, that it would seem they can be stirred in no other way. It may be asked how can his death be in any way called a sacrifice? We know not all the purposes of the Divine Master, but along one line, at any rate, we can see His purpose. This death is not normal. It is not intended that it should be the rule that a man, youthful and full of vitality, should be cut down as he was. Such a disaster must lead to fuller investigation of the cause of that sudden ebbing of life. And when the cause is discovered we are near the remedy. This is the way in which God stimulates the medical world in our day, when medicine is studied as a science, to lengthen the life and develop the full powers of the race. It should lead students to consult a wise physician as soon as they are aware of any unusual symptoms,

and it should inspire every physician with a new sense of the responsibility of the profession.

But while all this is true as regards this earthly scene, far be it from me to put the future life out of view for a moment. The living God throws away no life which He has carefully fitted for eternity. He does not waste the crumbs or the fragments, how much less His dear children. He is the God of our fathers, the God not of the dead, but of the living. Death, therefore, brings us near to Him, and, so St. Paul puts it, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." The apostle was then at the height of his powers and of his usefulness. The cause of universal Christianity seemed to depend on him, for who was there to take his place? Yet not to Paul only, but to every one whose life is Christ, death is gain; for in Christ all life is unified, and apart from him it falls into fragments. He revealed the Divine nature as love, in such a way as to impart its essence to humanity for ever. Now, love is the one exhaustless inspiration to right conduct. Beauty has not this inspiration. Mere truth has it not. God is supreme beauty and supreme truth. But it is not said that He is beauty or that He is truth, save where Jesus Himself says "I am the Truth." God is love, and love includes beauty and truth. Art has never saved a people. Intellect has not the saving element or the inspiration to conduct. But who shall count the saving victories of love? He whose life is Christ has no difficulty in harmonizing the service of God and the service of man. To him there is no dualism in the universe and no dualism in life, here or hereafter. To the Christlike there can never be any hell. To the un-Christlike there never can be any heaven. If our life is Christ, death is gain. Who shall tell the possibilities of the service which we shall then render?

And, what of those who are left behind? Mourning is permitted them, because they have lost a comrade, but the fundamental condition on which we received him was just this, that the Master should call him when it seemed best. The Giver is better than the gift, and every bereavement is a giving, if it casts us more unreservedly on the Saviour.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart:

The students of Queen's University unite with you in a common sorrow. Seven years ago your son came among us, and from that day to this he has won a growing place in our affection and esteem. From the first he showed a deep interest in every phase of student life, and as his mind ripened and his experience widened his helpfulness increased; so much so that many of our most important con-

cerns were entrusted to his care. These duties, cheerfully undertaken, he discharged with eminent satisfaction to all. His untimely death leaves a gap it will be hard to fill.

But our greatest loss is the man himself. We miss his open countenance, his hearty laugh, and his never-failing humour. As a student he was sound and strong; as a friend he was frank, sympathetic and faithful; as a man he was interested in every good work. We hoped great things from him, for his life gave high promise for his Church and Alma Mater. The Master disposed otherwise—to us it seems loss, but in His providence such loss may be great gain. True, he was cut off at the beginning of his career, but he leaves the record of a noble life, and through it "he being dead yet speaketh."

On behalf of the Alma Mater Society, in sincere sympathy,

A. E. ROSS,
J. R. FRASER,

T. C. IKEHARA,
J. W. MCINTOSH.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart:

As representatives of the various societies of Queen's University, mourning the sudden removal of a helpful and honoured member, we desire to assure you that your grief is to some extent, at least, ours also. From the magnitude of our own loss we can form some conception of yours. The ties that bound us to your son were many and strong. We loved him for the help he so cheerfully gave us; for the noble, friendly spirit he invariably displayed; and, above all, for the sincerity of purpose and earnest devotion to duty which characterized his whole life among us. We were helped by his jovial presence. His example was a continual inspiration. We had anticipated a career of distinction that would bring honour to himself and to all with whom he was connected. But he was found meet for service in a higher sphere, and we have been called upon to resign him. We are comforted by knowing that the separation is only seeming. We still live and move with him in the same infinite Spirit who fills the realm both of the Seen and the Unseen.

In sincere sympathy.

Signed by officers of the Y.M.C.A., the Q.U.M.A., the Literary and Scientific Society, and the Glee Club.

FROM DIVINITY HALL.

"Jim Stewart is dead." Slowly the intense sadness of these fateful words began to take hold upon us. At first they hardly moved us. We could not feel that they were true—there must be some cruel mistake. But unwillingness to believe it could not change the bitter truth. On every hand the averted face, the bowed head, or the broken voice reluctant

to betray emotion too deep for expression, was overwhelming testimony to the solemn fact. Only when we gathered for the last time to look upon his face, strong and handsome, even in death, did we fully realize the burden of our sorrow. * * *

It is as though the light had gone out. Even the eye of faith can see but dimly through the gloom, and our hearts are heavy. 'Tis but a weary, cheerless task—this learning not to look for his coming. We may hear no more his cheerful answer to the roll-call, but we think the angels smile a welcome when they hear his deep "adsum."

Memory, priceless gift of God! Thou must keep him for us. Bring back the well-known face that so truly mirrored the soul within, that again his happy heart may teach us gladness—his whole-souled laugh dispel our gloom. We shall see the eye that flashed with indignation at any breach of right,—that softened with sympathy at the story of sorrow—and in these repeated visions may heaven grant us grace to catch the inspiration of his life, that we may obtain an increasing fullness of the spirit of the blessed Saviour—that spirit which dwelt so largely in him.

VERSES.

In memory of our fellow-student, who died on the night of Thursday, 5th Dec., 1895. No classes were held in the University on Friday, when his body was taken by some of his classmates to his home in Douglas.

I.

A hush has fallen on our halls,
A sorrow fills the silent place,
Has thrown its shadow o'er each face,
And changed the light upon the walls.

The north wind blew with bitter zest,
The eve of that December day;
But in the chamber where he lay,
It lulled a spirit into rest.

To him it was not harsh nor chill,
His mother's home was in the North,
It bade him leave this spot of earth,
And turn him to his native hill.

He went; but darkened is our sun,
To us is left but memory,
'Tis here, we say, he used to be,
And this the thing that he has done.

Now silent is his word of cheer,
The light of his clear eye is gone,
His wholesome counsel is withdrawn;
No longer will he meet us here.

But yesterday we saw his form,
Amongst us in and out he went,
A word to each of us he lent,
But yesterday his hand was warm;

And now 'tis months since yesterday:
A wistful look we turn in vain,
We shall not see his face again,
He's passed; 'tis we who mourn and stay.

Draw closer, brothers, each to all,
'Tis lonesome to be far apart,
It strikes a chill within the heart,
Draw closer that we may not fall.

II.

We raised him in his narrow bed,
His college mates, some hundreds strong,
We bore his body slow along,
We placed our flowers round his head.

We took him through the frosty air,
And laid him in the funeral car;
He did not feel its roughest jar,
We sent him homeward with a prayer.

III.

Cold o'er his grave the snow will fall,
When the weak sun sends slant his ray,
And in our winter's shortened day
Will silent weave a spotless pall.

Then spring will reach its finger-tip,
And touch the hillocks into green,
The little hills with daisies between,
The mounds in mute companionship.

Earth with unutterable smart
Will steal her arms around his frame,
Will whisper lovingly his name,
And take him to her longing heart.

IV.

But what of us who mourn and stay?
'Twould seem, so much his ways have grown
To be a portion of our own,
As though our life were torn away.

We're weaker; but 'tis ours to gain
The sunny level of his thought,
And what he saw to see, and what
He did, to do with heart and brain.

Though we his loss will ever feel,
And as the years arrive and go,
Renew our grief from snow to snow,
While scars remain, the wounds will heal.

For, as we slowly onward plod,
Though all the mists clear not away
Which intercept the larger day,
We yet believe he is in God.

—ANON.

"Through gloom and shadow look we,
On beyond the years;
The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears."

"A consecrating hand time seems to lay
On all it gave.
Griefs fade and tender lights of memory play
Even o'er the grave."

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

—Emerson.



THE LATE JAMES D. STEWART, M.A.

LITERATURE.

REMBRANDT.

(Continued.)

OF all Rembrandt's pictures of his mother, the one painted a year before her death is much the best. She is represented as quietly reading from a large book, her face lighted up with the wonderful luminous light so ever present in his best works. During the same year he painted the great "Gilder" painting, now in possession of Mr. Herman Schaus, of New York. The etching of it by Waltner is considered by Mr. Schaus as a faithful representation of the painting. The "Gilder" was Rembrandt's frame maker, a native of Leyden, whose pleasant, kindly face, immortalized by the Master, seems to say, "I am proud of the honour." Later he painted the "Gold-Weigher," a most beautiful picture, his own portrait, leaning on a stone wall, a view of Amsterdam, and Rembrandt's mill, being one of the old mills at Leyden, near his birthplace.

This brings us to 1642, the culminating point in the career of the man as of the artist, containing, as it does, the strongest lights as well as the deepest shadows. Turning first to the light, it was in this year the artist painted his brilliant work, the "Night Watch," in which he displayed his inimitable skill in light and shade. Kroog speaks of it as a "composition painting with twenty portraits." The scene of this spirited picture is the outside of the public building, whence issue Captain Banning Cock and his lieutenant, followed by the ensign with his colours and sergeants bearing halberds. The painter has chosen the moment of general animation, and no work of his more finely illustrates his great genius as a painter—the masterly skill in seizing a subject and by the creative power of his genius, his characteristic drawing and dazzling coloring, making it his own and imbuing it with life.

The life of happiness and success culminated here and dark shadows advance. Laskia, of the delicate, thoughtful beauty, gradually declined in health, and passed away in June.

The succeeding period of fifteen years is rich in works of great depth of imagination and more serious purpose, but the painters of the Italian school now rose in public estimation, so that a general reaction set in, opposed to the popular favour in which Rembrandt's paintings had been held. He had become hardened and embittered by Laskia's death, and met opposition with defiance.

We see this tone reflected in his works, more particularly in his gloomy and mysterious landscapes, and in the numerous portraits of himself, grave and

gay, in light and shadow, in his own character or dressed from his theatrical wardrobe of rich stuffs, jewels and armour. In the dark expressive eye we discern the powerful imagination that could conceive and bring home to his work the movement, colour and light, which have made his pictures so effective.

The names of Jan Six, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and Rembrandt, are inseparable. Jan Six was the descendant of a noble Huguenot family, a man of learning, a poet, and a patron and connoisseur of painting. He was Rembrandt's devoted friend, and was not only a learned lover of books, but a wealthy collector of objects of art and curios. Vindel has celebrated in verse one of Six's portraits by Rembrandt, which represents him dressed in gray with a red cloak embroidered in gold over his shoulder—the three colors in richest harmony. Although it is painted with such a bold touch as to look like perfect daubs of color, the effect from a distance is remarkable, the drawing perfect, and the lines deep and powerful. The celebrated Six Gallery at Amsterdam owed much of its fame to its Rembrandts, among them "The Little Doctor," "The Little Goldsmith," etc. After the death of Laskia his sacred subjects took on more feeling and sentiment and in his female faces dwelt a rare pathos. In these years he made a great many of his most famous etchings, and his landscape paintings took a more important place among his works. In 1650 he made his famous etching, "The Hundred Guilder" print, the subject of which is Christ healing the sick. Owing to the fineness of the etching, proofs from this plate are extremely rare, and even in his lifetime sold for very high prices. The name of this print originated from the fact that a Roman merchant had given Rembrandt seven Marc Antonios for it, which he valued at one hundred guilders. Some years ago one of the first proofs from this plate was sold in London to an Antwerp collector for \$50,000, the highest price a print ever brought.

The twelve years of incessant work since Laskia's death were the most prolific of his life. He amused himself by adding to his art collection and by his long sketching tours, in one of which he visited his old friend, Jan Six.

But the shadows had now fallen, and whereas in 1638 his fortune had been ample, in 1656 we find him totally bankrupt. Toward the end of the following year all his worldly goods were seized and the magnificent collection of prints, paintings, bric-a-brac, gold, silver and bronze, with numerous original drawings and paintings, were brought to the hammer. The next spring his splendid house in the Iordanstrasse was also sold, and Rembrandt, at fifty years of age, stripped of his former elegance,

began life anew, and his later marriages were both unfortunate.

This period produced the marvellous picture of the "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," a subject not specially interesting, but in colouring, depth and execution undoubtedly his masterpiece.

In the splendid portrait of the collection at Rouen he stands before us, in bending attitude and with head slightly inclined; an old man in theatrical costume, mahl stick in hand and laughing heartily—and this is Rembrandt's farewell. His face is furrowed deeply and worn, but it is not the face of a misanthropical painter, crushed by evil fortunes, but the man who offered to all fortunes the talisman of labour, and thus in this final portrait of himself paints the result of his life work. He died in 1669, leaving to posterity a noble and honoured name, a fame second to none, and treasures beyond price to the world of art.

RUSKIN AND HIS MESSAGE.

It is no small matter in these last days of the nineteenth century to confess Ruskin before men. To the irreverent and facetious multitude he is a "crank," endowed with great genius to be sure, and now and then showing extraordinary shrewdness, wisdom and spiritual insight, but first of all he is a crank. The more thoughtful find in him a most puzzling combination of sense and nonsense, of extraordinary insight and extraordinary folly, and in their bewilderment they put him aside altogether, or read him only for the grace of his style, the truth and beauty of his description, or the elevation of his thought. For, after the critic has exhausted his powers of satire and burlesque over the "absurdities of Ruskin," he, in general, graciously admits, as a concession to your simple hero-worship, that the literary quality of him is unequalled. He is a "word-painter," (abominable phrase) these critics say, at most a great virtuoso, but not a leader of men.

But there is another view possible, a view of Ruskin that has been and is entertained by many of the best minds of the century, and especially by men of moral and spiritual power. The more unfavorable view prevails largely because the man and his writings are not known as a whole; people read bits of him and it is often the more eccentric utterances that are put most before the public—and they go away offended, not knowing the man nor his manner. It has been said by Dr. Sanday that it requires special powers of discernment to separate the wheat from the chaff in Ruskin's works. This is, perhaps, true. The reader certainly requires to have special sympathy. If he goes to a book to enjoy the pleasure of hearing his own views well expressed, or of measuring it by his own superior

opinions; if the reader is thrilling with his own opinions and theories, let him keep away from Ruskin (or any other original writer) for no good can possibly come to him. But if he is prepared to go out of himself, and to sit at the feet of another greater than he, and for the time to see with his eyes and feel with his heart, then he can read Ruskin and fairly criticize him. For after he has thus listened it is the reader's part to stand aside, resume his own individuality, and test the theories and conclusions of the author by his own knowledge and insight. Ruskin himself demands only an earnest hearing and requires everyone to obey the dictates of his own enlightened mind.

The most devout admirer will admit in Ruskin exaggeration, eccentricity, marvellous dogmatism and much else that is reprehensible. His best friends have often been in despair over some of his extreme or whimsical views, and his frequent violence and extravagance of language. And these faults undoubtedly have seriously impaired his influence, especially among unimaginative people, to whom the poet and prophet is ever a complete enigma. But it must be remembered that Ruskin is a humorist, that he rather likes to shock people, and is overfond of paradox. Then, he is strangely careless in his utterances, taking no thought for his reputation. No man has so fully opened his life to the public. For half a century he has lived in a light as fierce as any that beats upon the throne. We know Ruskin thoroughly; there are no "disclosures" to come. Yet the verdict of to-day among the best minds is that the exaggeration, eccentricity and wilfulness are on the surface, and though an element in our estimation of him, they are not the criterion of our judgment. Beneath we find the clear, profound thinker, the shrewd man of affairs, the stern and fervid seer, and one of the purest and most lovable characters of the age. There is the froth and the foam—for the storms have been boisterous—but there is also the great deep.

It is difficult to estimate John Ruskin's character either in art or economics, or, in general, over the mind and conscience of the age. Undoubtedly his character and teaching have been among the most powerful agencies for good in Great Britain. He has not lacked a kind of popularity; he has, indeed, been the object of extreme hero-worship. During his lifetime his works have become classics, and his words are quoted as sacred texts. Critical books on his philosophy have been written, all his odd letters have been hunted up and published in fine editions, the most elaborate bibliographies have been compiled, clubs have been formed for the study of his works, several "books of selections" have been edited, and for those who want a daily text there is a

Ruskin birthday book, while for disciples there is a Ruskin magazine. At the same time Ruskin has failed in what he has definitely attempted; he has failed in his great aims (and no wonder, for he aimed at the complete regeneration of society), and he himself speaks only of defeat. The modern Gothic buildings, which are mainly the product of his enthusiasm, are to him "Frankenstein monsters," and after all his preaching on economics and ethics, after all his vehement opposition to the mechanical and scientific spirit of the age, and after all his sermons against greed and selfishness and the "worship of Mammon," he sees only deeper degeneration, and his later writings sometimes read like an Apocalypse. He has founded no school in art, he is hardly seriously considered among political economists, and all the world smiles at his Quixotic tilting against "Mechanism," and his doctrines of Obedience and Inequality. The truth is that Ruskin has set himself against the dominant spirit and tendencies of his age, and his figure to many is almost grotesque, as of a man striving to stem Niagara. He has received the measure of success and the usual reward of the prophet. His voice, though mighty and influential, has ever been "a voice crying in the wilderness."

There is no compromise in him, no cold calculation of opposing forces; he does not consider what is immediately practicable, but what is ultimately right and good. "I have nothing to do with the possibility or impossibility of it," he was accustomed to say; "I simply know and assert the necessity of it." Can I state the matter more clearly than to say that Ruskin has only proclaimed again, in the old uncompromising way, the Sermon on the Mount? The trouble is that he has brought it out from the cloister and read it in the market-place and in the studio. But while it is true that Ruskin is outside of modern life and thought, his influence has been, as I have said, deep and far-reaching. He has materially changed the practice of architecture and painting, and the more beautiful and natural decoration, which in all departments prevail to-day, is largely owing to him. Even in economics and ethics his teaching has been indirectly a great power. It may be said that he has been one of the greatest inspiring and uplifting forces of the century; he has perhaps more than any other man "made for righteousness," and fragments of his writings are throughout the length and breadth of English-speaking lands laid up in the hearts of men and women as sacred treasure-words.

I look upon Ruskin as essentially a preacher of righteousness. He comes not so much to inform as to guide and inspire us; he is a man with a Message. His writings on art are mainly directed to

show the intimate connection between the ethical and the aesthetic, and his writings on political economy are simply an application of the principles of Christianity to industrial life. As his works on art deal largely with morality and religion, so his political economy and directly moral and religious writings embrace nature and the arts. The thought of the essential unity of man and his labors, and the moral root of all things is ever present with him. Even his titles suggest this truth, as witness, "Ethics of the Dust," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Our Fathers Have Told Us," etc. It is a general fallacy that Ruskin makes everything subservient to beauty. The fact is that the distinguishing feature of even his art philosophy is that beauty must be subordinated to truth. Truth first, beauty second, says Ruskin; beauty first, truth second, says the modern artist. The better mind of to-day is recognizing that his gospel of Obedience to the Wiser man, and his preaching of the inequality of men, are nearer the truth, and more necessary for the times, than the popular politician's watchword, "Liberty and Equality," while employers are finding it necessary to assume a more sympathetic attitude towards their workmen, and undertake a somewhat paternal responsibility. No one has proclaimed more eloquently than Ruskin what might be called the Fatherhood of Masters. We are far from his ideals but there are signs of progress and there is evidence in political life of his principles gaining ground. We have recently in Ontario had some truly paternal legislation, notably the "Children's Protection Act."

Many in these enlightened times will smile, and many will be offended, at Ruskin's dogmatism and tone of authority. He certainly lays claim to special discernment. All through his writings there is the emphatic "I know." We seem often to be listening to a Hebrew prophet, and many have virtually regarded him as specially inspired. This view of him is seriously dealt with by Dr. Sanday in a note to his Bampton lectures on "Inspiration." Certainly we have come to a sad state of belief if it is possible for us to hold that men are no longer sent into the world with a message for mankind, that there is no "circumambient ether of spiritual influence in which all alike live and move and have their being," but which here and there is concentrated "according to the purpose of God, working by selection." When we consider how the Beautiful in the world has been by him spiritualized and sanctified, when we consider that prophet zeal for truth and justice, that lofty utterance, and that unwearied and selfless devotion in the service of humanity, can we doubt that the spiritual influence, which surrounds us all, rests, in large measure, on John

Ruskin. Our part is to understand his *special* message, for outside of that the prophet speaks after the manner of men. There is no one more fallible than the prophet. He is a man of passion rather than a man of thought; he is here to rouse men to action rather than to speculation. His message is all-important, the one thing in his life. He is, therefore, intolerant of opposition, and is prone to be uncharitable. He despises half-measures and half-following; he thinks moderate men are cowards and time-servers, and is slow to make allowances for the common-place and the dull.

Clear logic, impartial judgment and duly-proportioned views we cannot expect from the prophet. Nevertheless, these are the men who have "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions."

There is something intensely pathetic in the lonely figure of the grand old man of Coniston, almost the last survivor of the mighty race of men who have been the master-minds of the century, and now that his strong voice is silenced, and the smoke of controversy lifted, it would be well for us to consider his Message and not, like the husbandmen in the parable, send the messenger away empty. Let us take our lesson from his own lips: "The lessons which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes, which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence nor their light by their decay."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

LES MISERABLES.

A SHORT STATEMENT OF A PAPER READ BEFORE THE
L. AND S. SOCIETY BY J. W. M'INTOSH, M.A.

AS a result of the Coup d'Etat of December 2nd, 1851, Victor Hugo entered upon an exile which lasted for nineteen years. In withdrawing from Paris he had to renounce a sumptuously furnished home, a chair in the Academy, salons of art and politics, in many of which he was regarded as the leader, and a political career that bid fair to attain to the Presidential chair. In these trying circumstances Hugo was kept from despair by a sense of personal injury, by a conviction that France would sooner or later re-assert her opposi-

tion to monarchy and by a consciousness of his ability, even in exile, to do much to hasten such a consummation. Napoleon le Petit and Les Châtiments, invective and satire, were the natural expression of his earliest exile.

Calmer reflection follows and he is able to look beyond the sphere of his own personal inconveniences and to view history as a connected whole. The solemnity and pathos of human life naturally appeal to him now as never before. He works out the belief that all existing evils are the result of an improper conception of the relationship that should exist between man and man. His minute acquaintance with every phase of social life in Paris is amply sufficient to illustrate this central theme and combined with intense literary activity and ample time for reflection and composition form a sure prophecy of some great work. Thus *Les Misérables* appeared.

Ostensibly, at least, as the title and preface indicate, it is constructed in accordance with a definite plan, somewhat as follows: The reign of Love is the ultimate goal of the human race; the measure of our attainment toward this goal is indicated by the condition of our Laws; we have much to do in determining our rate of progress; we should, therefore, appreciate our position, realize our opportunities, understand the world's need and direct our energies along the most profitable lines.

This outline justifies Hugo in giving us minute descriptions of society, in introducing social and political questions of every sort and in undertaking to interpret the signs of the times. A wider latitude of purpose could scarcely be demanded and yet, judged even by this standard, *Les Misérables* is wanting in artistic unity. Hugo cannot touch on any subject, however trivial, without going into the minutest details of its cause, history and accompanying circumstances. Scientific and technical information regarding unimportant matters is given in a manner that often seems to indicate a closer acquaintance with works of reference than with the facts themselves. Striking examples of lengthy digressions are the descriptions of Waterloo, of the Feuillantine Convent and of the *argot* of the lower classes. These interpolations are, of course, valuable from certain points of view, but not even this can be said in favor of one section, viz., the eighteen chapters in which the sewer question is discussed in all its phases. The digression is as unwarranted as it is often disgusting.

Hugo's motive in thus violating artistic unity is a love of display—a fundamental weakness of his character. This is further proven by reference to his personages in almost every one of whom his own personality is clearly revealed. This Hugo would himself readily admit. Speaking in one of his Pre-

faces of the ideal poem, he says: "Finally, the poet will put in his poem that profound self-portraiture which is, perhaps, the largest, the most general and the most universal work that a thinker can achieve." This theory reveals itself in two forms. Hugo creates individuals who, at some stage of their existence occupy positions in which he has stood and in describing them he inserts his own experience, actual or ideal. The old Conventioneer, the friends of the A.B.C. (Grantaire excepted), and above all, Marius Rontmercy, are simply Hugo in varied dress.

Again he embodies himself in his personages by making them the personification of one particular phase of his creed, the opposite of which he generally presents in a similar manner. Here may be noted his love of antithesis, which will also help to explain his many abnormal types of human character. He needed only two great forces to account for the changing events of life. These he represents not merely as Darkness and Light, Hatred and Love, etc., but as distinct human characters—the incarnation of some high ideal or of its opposing vice. His art cannot, therefore, be termed morbid; if he introduces us to cloud and shadow it is merely to emphasize the transcendent light of Truth and Love. In *l'antime* we have a concrete expression of material love forming a sufficient apology for a life of shame—and in the Bishop and Valjean we have charity incarnate. The *Thenardiers* represent moral turpitude; Javert is rigid, uncharitable Law. One bold exception to this general statement is found in the charming character of little Garroche, whose personality is very striking.

The main plot of the story is extremely simple and hinges entirely on the redeeming power of Love. It is in the detailed development of the story that the great fascination of the work really lies and here Hugo's strength is most clearly revealed. We see it in minute and comprehensive descriptions of persons, places and events. He burrows to the roots of everything and unfolds with the utmost skill every individual fibre that goes to account for the resultant stem. His characters are consistent throughout, though occasionally their want of personality tells injuriously on the details of the story. Hugo possesses a unique power of analyzing motives and describing souls in the tension of some high-wrought crisis of passion or action. Many consider this his strongest work. He is also powerful in dramatic situations and in sensational and spectacular complications of every sort. In all these respects, too, he is aided by a rich and inexhaustible vocabulary, a marvellous command of antithesis, an intensely vivid imagination and a lavish use of color. Further, while developing his plot he so arranges

the growth of the story as to make it a vehicle for a comprehensive criticism of society in all its details. Every phase of social and political life is viewed in its relation to the progress of the race. The Bishop enables Hugo to depict the ideal clergyman; Javert's opposition to Valjean suggests grievous errors in existing laws and the time of the story covers a period which Hugo is well able and pleased to describe. In every case he reads history from the point of view of Universal Progress. He is reverent towards constituted authority but freely criticizes and condemns all that he considers hypocritical or false.

The work is dominated by a strong ethical intention and cannot claim rank with the masterpieces of literature. As an interpretation of life it is inferior to the best novels of Thackeray or Scott. On the other hand its rich and attractive style, its splendid imagination, its intense pathos and its warm sympathies will give it a permanent place in the literature of the world. Above all its sunny optimism will endear it to humanity and its records of the triumphs of unselfishness will inspire to nobility and earnestness of life.

SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

SATURDAY, November 30th, '98 and '99 played off their tie, the latter winning by 12 to 7. The Freshmen deserved the victory as '98 was clearly outplayed, especially in the scrimmage and wings. Behind the line neither side could claim much advantage, but '98's halves played with better judgment. For '99, Devlin at quarter, Baker in the scrimmage and Goodwill and Reid on the wing, played very effectively. The halves also did well, but they occasionally kicked when a run would have been more serviceable. For '98, Scott, McConville, Moffatt and Paul were conspicuous. It is to be hoped that the weather will permit the playing of the final game between '96 and '99 for the class championship and the trophy awarded by the A.M.S.

HOCKEY NOTES.

The hockey club will take an American tour during the Christmas holidays, playing at Pittsburg and probably at New York and Baltimore. Three or four extra men will accompany the team, and the boys are now endeavoring to get into condition. The following will probably be the players:—Curtis, (Capt.), Hiscock, McLennan, Harty, Weatherhead, McKay, Cunningham, Rayside, Irwin, Merrill, Brock. The best wishes of every son of Queen's accompany the team.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Hockey Association was held in the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on

Saturday, the 7th inst., about fifty delegates being present. Queen's was represented by A. H. Beaton and C. B. Fox. Very few changes were made in the rules. Considerable discussion took place regarding the formation of one or two strong clubs in Toronto to compete with Queen's. This was left to a sub-committee. Mr. A. H. Beaton, of Queen's, was elected to a position on the executive.

Now that the skating rink is opened, it is to be hoped that hockey practice will commence immediately. Never before had Queen's such excellent material at her disposal, and if the men train consistently and practice faithfully, there is no reason why we should not retain the Ontario cup and have more than a fighting chance for the Dominion championship.

COLLEGE NEWS.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

AS the meeting on the 30th ult. was for the annual nominations, it was held in Convocation Hall, and an unusually large number was in attendance. The secretary of the committee appointed to revise the constitution, gave notice that he would propose certain amendments at the annual meeting. The Society ordered the committee to have a number of copies of the proposed constitution printed and distributed for the convenience of members in discussing the amendments. The athletic committee were directed to consider the advisability of fitting up the drill shed as a skating rink for hockey practice, and report to the Society as soon as convenient. Time for practice in the Kingston skating rink can be obtained only at awkward hours, and it is thought that if we had a special rink of our own many more students would take up the sport. The scheme is good in theory, the only doubtful side of the affair being that relating to finance. A large general committee was appointed to consider the question of a conversazione and report to a special meeting of the Society to be called for Dec. 3rd, at 4 P.M.

The order of nominations was then called and for the space of an hour eloquence and wit freely flowed as the various nominators enumerated the superior qualities of their respective nominees. The usual arrangements for scrutineers and polling places were made, and the meeting then adjourned.

At the special meeting the chairman of the general committee presented the majority report which recommended that the conversazione be held in the city buildings, while the minority report recommended that it be held in the University. After long discussion and several divisions, it was finally decided to hold the conversazione in the college on

the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 18th. Permission was asked to propose some new students for membership but the president ruled that to allow such a proceeding would be a violation of the constitution.

Last Saturday the annual elections were held from 2 to 6 o'clock in the College and from 2 to 9 o'clock in the City Hall. At 7:30 the president called the meeting to order and a resolution of sympathy was passed and a committee appointed to draw up and send a letter of condolence to the family of our late fellow-student, James D. Stewart. In this connection the secretary was instructed to convey to Mr. B. W. Folger the thanks of the Society for his kindness in giving a special rate and placing his private car at the disposal of the students who accompanied the remains to Sharbot Lake. The general committee reported that on account of the sudden death of one of their number, they recommend that the conversazione be postponed till January 24th, 1896. The recommendation was adopted. Notice was given that next Saturday an editor-in-chief would be appointed for the JOURNAL.

The elections resulted as follows:—

Hon. President—Alexander McLaren, M.D., Lancaster, Ont. (Acclamation.)

President—J. M. Farrell, B.A.

1st Vice-President—F. Playfair.

2nd Vice-President—P. Bannister.

Critic—R. Hunter, B.A.

Secretary—A. J. Meiklejohn.

Assistant Secretary—F. Millar.

Treasurer—W. Dowsley.

Committee—A. E. Ilett, T. Ikehara, D. L. Gordon, D. H. Laird.

The total number of votes polled at this election was 32 short of last year's record, but though the vote was smaller the election was much more evenly contested. The largest majority this year was about eighty, while last year three majorities ranged over one hundred.

A. M. S. ELECTIONS.

On the whole the election passed off more quietly than usual this year. Mr. Farrell's friends got the idea that his election was assured and did not work as hard as usual while the canvass for Mr. Horsey was carried on so quietly inside the college that few suspected his real strength as a candidate. The mass meeting on Wednesday was larger and more orderly than any similar gathering in previous years. The speeches of both the candidates for President were well received, that of Mr. Farrell on account of its business-like candor and that of Mr. Horsey for its eloquence. The candidates for the minor offices, except those for critic, were, as usual, handicapped by the fact that they had nothing to say. It would add much to the interest of our elections if it were possible to divide the students upon

some debatable issue into two parties so that the candidates of the respective tickets would have a platform to present and uphold. This would also do away with the annual howl about the "solid medical vote," the "solid arts vote," etc. The contest for critic centred round the question of whether Divinity Hall was justified in bringing out a candidate for an office heretofore looked upon as at the disposal of the senior year in Arts, so far as naming the candidates is concerned. However the answer of the electorate may be interpreted it is worthy of note that to Mr. Hunter's narrow majority of 17 the ladies contributed 15.

The vote came in very slowly at the City Hall, the tendency to refrain from voting until after seven o'clock being more marked than in former years.

At six o'clock Mr. Horsey was 22 votes ahead and Mr. Farrell's supporters began to think of the adage, "There's nothing so uncertain as a dead sure thing." However, the returns from the college put Mr. Farrell in the lead again and the last hour's vote increased his majority to 39. The total vote polled for each candidate was as follows:

President—Farrell, 285; Horsey, 246.

Vice-President—Playfair, 339; Bannister, 250; Robertson, 192. The two former are, therefore, elected first and second Vice-President respectively.

Critic—Hunter, 268; Burton, 251.

Secretary—Meiklejohn, 288; Ingram, 207.

Assistant-Secretary—Millar, 276; Kemp, 194.

Treasurer—Dowsley, 257; Byrnes, 221.

Committee—Ikehara ('96), 350; Laird ('98), 319; Ilett (medicine), 301; Gordon ('97), 286; Kennedy, ('99), 281.

The Freshmen again lose their Committeeman, though this year by the narrow margin of 5 votes.

After the announcement of the poll short speeches were delivered by Messrs. Farrell, Horsey, Playfair, Bannister, Hunter, Burton and Ikehara.

NOTES.

The "man from Japan" polled the biggest vote of any candidate for A. M. S. honors during the past four years and yet they say Toshi is a woman-hater.

A few attempts were made to run in "plugs" but with only partial success. The necessity for a complete and correct voters list was again emphasized and action should be taken in good time to secure it for next year. Attention may here be called to the fact that the constitution makes no provision for members of less than alumni standing, and yet many such vote every year.

It is suspected in some quarters that when a man says he'll move heaven and earth to attain his object he means the Levana Society and the Medical college.

One of the disconsolate candidates attributed his defeat to the fact that he had not scattered cards broadcast among the electors. He ought to have put his chrysanthemum "in hock" and purchased cards with the proceeds.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS.

On Sunday, Nov. 25th, Principal Grant gave a sketch of the life of John Cairns, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland. The speaker said his attention was first drawn to this man by reading in the London *Times* a report of a meeting of the evangelical alliance in Berlin. Cairns was chosen to speak on behalf of the English-speaking delegates, and his wide knowledge and masterly handling of his subject created such an impression that the king and queen of Prussia, who were present, asked to be introduced to him at the conclusion of his speech.

Cairns was a giant in stature, and spoke with a marked rusticity of manner, but his hearers were not long in his presence without feeling that he was a most extraordinary man. He was a profound scholar in Greek, Latin and all modern languages. At the age of seventy he became a student of Assyrian, that by its help he might gain more light on bible history. Cairns was truly a great man. He was born in 1818 at Cockburnspath, Berwickshire, Scotland, of humble parents, who, nevertheless, in a hut containing only one room, raised as noble a family as could anywhere be found. He was peculiarly fortunate in having as his teacher John MacGregor, a man who might have been taken as a model for Ian MacLaren's dominie. This gentleman assisted young Cairns in his studies after poverty had compelled the lad to leave school and become a shepherd.

At the age of fifteen Cairns entered college. After a year in Edinburgh he was forced to discontinue attendance on lectures and become a school teacher. At the age of nineteen he again entered college to study for the ministry, and while a student there supported himself on seventy-five cents a week. His proficiency in philosophy may be seen by Sir W. Hamilton's report at his graduation: "First class, John Cairns; second class, none; third class, none; fourth class, a number of young men who have received certificates."

After graduating he became a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, taking charge of a small congregation, and though nearly every important parish in his church wished him to become its pastor and offered large salaries and better positions, he positively refused to leave his congregation at Berwick. On seven different occasions he refused the offer of a professorship in different univer-

sities, and after his death his biographer discovered a letter containing an invitation to him to become Principal of Edinburgh University, the most prominent educational position in Scotland. Cairns was an unusual career. In its self-abnegation and strict adherence to duty there is no modern life to compare with it. He was one of God's heroes. He would not give up his ministry until his own church asked him to become principal of its college at Edinburgh, and then he accepted the invitation because it was the church that had spoken, and it was his duty to respond.

Y. W. C. A.

On the 29th of November Miss R. Mills read a paper, the lessons of which could not fail to impress each individual. Her text, "Everyday Mercies," suggests, as she pointed out, many a blessing of which we scarcely know the existence, and our ignorance only vanishes when some day we find these little blessings gone.

The following Friday Miss Youngson led the meeting, and a very interesting little paper on "Christian Perfection" was given. It was impossible to attend this meeting and not feel the deep shade of sadness resting on all the members, the repressed feeling which now and again made itself manifest in prayer and song. A loss to the University is a loss to every student, and not one there but felt that some one had gone whose presence filled the College with the sunshine of his spirit, and whose absence made it dark with gloom.

I cannot say and I will not say
That he is dead. He's just away;
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—Oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—
Think of him faring on as dear
In the love of There, as the love of Here;
Think of him still as the same, I say
He is not dead—he is away.

The dinner, which the girls of '98 intended to enjoy together on Friday evening, was postponed indefinitely. No one felt in the mood for jollification of any kind on that day.

Y. M. C. A.

"Our Honan Mission" was the subject for the meeting on the 29th ult., which was led by James Turnbull. C. Young briefly compared the claims of Mohammedanism, Confucianism and Christianity to Universality and pointed out that in Christianity alone we find such a relation of man to God and to his fellowmen as his higher nature demands for its

true development. Hence, to show our appreciation of and confidence in the light we have, it is our duty to shed it abroad in the dark corners of the earth.

C. Campbell then gave a sketch of the growth of missionary spirit from the earliest times down to the present and saw in the triumphs of Christianity over heathendom good ground for giving it our unrestrained sympathy and support.

D. McG. Gandier spoke particularly of Honan, of its location, of its population and of its urgent need for more laborers. He followed up the missionary movement in Queen's that resulted in sending out Dr. Smith and concluded with an earnest appeal for the means necessary to sustain the good work so well begun.

The Song Service which had been arranged for Dec. 6th was postponed for obvious reasons and a short devotional service took its place. A very appropriate opening was the Dead March, rendered effectively by Mr. Munro. The meeting was conducted by the President who read the 15th chapter of 1 Cor. and referred briefly to what filled everyone's thoughts—the death of our fellow-student. A committee consisting of Messrs. McIntosh, Taylor and Best was selected to prepare a letter of condolence to be sent to the friends of the deceased.

DIVINITY HALL NOTES.

The Knox-Queen's debate took place on Friday, Dec. 6th, at Knox College. The Knoxonian logicians were Ed. W. Mackay and E. B. Horne, whilst the honour of Queen's was upheld by D. McG. Gandier and James R. Fraser. A large audience witnessed the oratorical contest, among them being many Queen's graduates. Mr. Gandier led the affirmative, "Resolved that war is a necessary means for the advancement of civilization," and Mr. Mackay responded. Then Messrs. Fraser and Horne followed, and the leader of the affirmative replied in a five minute speech. Needless to say the speeches were all eloquent and convincing, though not reported *verbatim* in the Toronto papers. Rev. Louis H. Jordan, of St. James Square Church, presided, and decided the merits of the debate, awarding the palm to Queen's.

After the debate the Knox students held a reception in honour of our representatives in the large dining hall. Here the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" supplemented a much more substantial diet. Several songs were admirably rendered, and the toasts—"Queen's representatives" and "Our College"—were drunk with much enthusiasm.

Messrs. Gandier and Fraser speak in the highest terms of the hospitality of the Knoxonians.

CLASSICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of this society, on Friday, Nov. 22nd, Mr. Neville read a paper on "The Attitude of Aristophanes toward Euripides." He pointed out the antagonism between the old conservative party at Athens and the representatives of the new and progressive movement, which had in Euripides its chief exponent.

Aristophanes makes his tragic contemporary the butt for unsparing mockery and ridicule, charging him in particular with being an atheist, a quibbler and a bad artist. The first charge cannot be taken as literally true. In the work of his maturer years, in the *Bacchae*, for example, Euripides tries to inculcate a nature-worship, which does not utterly remove the gods; he simply maintains their presence in another sphere, where they manifest themselves in natural phenomena. In several instances throughout his plays, his trivial treatment of questions of the greatest moral importance and the shallow devices by which such weighty matters are decided, amply justify the second charge that Euripides is a quibbler.

To support his charge of faulty execution and want of artistic merit on the part of Euripides, Aristophanes is fond of referring to the standard of the age of Pericles, when stiff and rigid elegance and symmetry was the predominant tone in art and literature. The encroachment of the world spirit upon the spirit of exclusive Athens forbade that Euripides should follow the lines laid down by his predecessors; he departed from the stereotyped form as well as from the essence of Greek tragedy, but this was the only course open to him. The greatest fault that can be urged against his works is a sacrifice of the unity of the plots to the beauty and melody of the subordinate parts. His plays for their popularity depend upon scenic effect and pathetic or novel situations, a path hitherto untrod, but one wherein Euripides proved himself a consummate master.

T. L. Walker, M.A., is studying in Germany.

Harry L. Wilson, M.A., is an instructor in Greek and Latin, and N. R. Carmichael, M.A., a Fellow in Physics at the John Hopkins' University.

A. F. Grant is at the Normal in Ottawa, and has secured a position in one of the city schools.

Occasional glints of the countenance of Rev. R. J. Hutcheson, M.A., of Cape Vincent, U.S., illumine our darkness. Jimmie is still British at heart, if not in pocket and vows "Delenda est—Fudge," although in public he omits the petition for the queen. He is pursuing a course of original research in "the humanities," being assured by a fellow-grad. that "there's nothing like it."

MEDICAL NOTES.

Mr. T. W. Gaylord and aunt of New York city, were visiting friends in the vicinity of Napanee. Mr. Gaylord is engaged in the prominent position of classical master in a Ladies' Seminary of that city. —*Kington Whig*.

Our classical professors will hardly remember Mr. G. but the Physiology class book will show that he attended a few classes in medicine. Here, no doubt, he traced the development of the Greek verb through growth of bacteria of the microsporon furfur of the trichophyton organisms of the *Hypomyces* family.

Medical students find it difficult to bring material to college without the knowledge of outsiders and so resort to various schemes. Last week a modest married medical was seen hurrying to college with a bundle under his coat, supposed to be books, but a cat's tail projecting behind revealed the cause of his anxiety.

"Tom," Jr., is preserving a rare animal specimen in the Laboratory. It is a cat with double forepaws and without a sign of even having possessed a tail.

No doubt this year's dinner will be as successful as those of former years. "Billy" Irvine, as President of the Æsculapian society, will guide the proceedings.

The senate has most graciously granted the students' request to hold supplemental examinations before Xmas. The examination fee is the small sum of \$10. No doubt they are trying to vie with the Ontario Council in the amount of fees. Having the students who did not write on the spring exams. last year in their power they try to grind some innocents as well as some unfortunates who have failed in past years.

As regards fees we cannot see the reason of forcing medicals to pay \$2 for the use of a laboratory for junior animal biology. Their own dissecting work and grinding connected with it, if well attended to, is a sufficient amount of forced work. Students who work well at practical anatomy find all their spare time occupied. It would be a good idea to place a notice over each door: "\$2 to enter here over and above all fees."

After our defeat in the elections we bow to the inevitable and acknowledge we were fairly and squarely defeated. We can claim that our candidates made a good showing at the mass meeting and all made a splendid run.

Bannister to Ikehara.—Do you suppose I can get some votes in Arts.

Ike.—Yes, I think you can get a few.

Ban.—That bespeaks well for my widespread popularity.

EXCHANGES.

TO one who has been an observer of the growth and development of higher education and educational ideas in America, not the least interesting point to note is the marked improvement of late years in the style and general tone of college journalism. As a pleasing instance of this movement we may note the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, which has reached this year a standard of excellence unequalled during our long acquaintance with that journal. No. 13, which we have before us, contains an interesting and cleverly written paper on "Lalla Rookh," an appreciative criticism of Coppee's tales, some sparkling "Varsity Verses," and many other features, which betoken an abundance of literary talent in Notre Dame University.

The *Owl* maintains its position as the most serious, the most distinctly literary of our Canadian exchanges. In the November number we note an enthusiastic review of Lampman's "Among the Millet," in which the writer, who is evidently not free from provincialism, contrasts the Canadian poet with Cowper, Thomson, Swinburne and Longfellow, to the great glorification of Lampman. More valuable because more sincere is a life of Lord Macaulay, and a most minute and painstaking criticism of his style. The athletic column is ably conducted, and upon the editorial staff we notice several names already famous in Canadian football circles.

In marked contrast to the solemn *Owl* is the sparkling and humorous *McGill Fortnightly*, containing just enough literary matter to show what the University can do in that line, and devoting the greater part of its space to college news, with a copious intersprinkling of

Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and pranks and wanton wiles.

From No. 4 we learn that inter-year football matches are not unknown in "old McGill," and we recommend that the football reporters of the Toronto dailies make careful study of the manner in which these matches are described. The editorial on "Journalism" is worthy of the attention of every University man, showing, as it does, that a college education is most desirable for those who intend to make journalism their life work.

Queen's University Journal.

The annual subscription is One Dollar, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

PERSONALS.

ON Wednesday, Dec. 4th, at the residence of the bride's mother in this city, Miss Hattie M. Baker and T. J. Thompson were married by Rev. J. E. Starr. To two distinguished graduates thus made one, we are doubly impelled to extend our hearty congratulations.

Rev. John Sharp, M.A., one of our most distinguished graduates in English and Philosophy, is now Professor in the same subjects at Morin College. We congratulate Morin on securing so efficient a teacher. This is only another instance of the general tendency of our graduates to come to the top.

"Bob" Taggart, marshal of '94, has gone to British Columbia to preach. His Irish eloquence proved peculiarly effective in soothing hysterics, induced by the varied scenery of the west.

Rev. N. Campbell, B.A., formerly of Oliver's Ferry, has sent his remittance to the JOURNAL from Mitchell Square, Simcoe. Would that the distance which "lends enchantment to the view" were more frequently the medium of such communication between our graduates and us.

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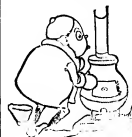
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